what surprised when the St. Petersburg Committee of the S-D party invited me to report on the movement. Accepting the invitation for Eugene and myself, I decided to use this opportunity to ask the Committee to print our petition and leaflets. I discovered, however, that even the Bolshevist members of the Committee were alarmed by my activity, while the Mensheviks looked at me with undisguised hostility. After my report, cross-questioning began.

"Who gave you the authority to start agitation among the unemployed?"

"Don't you know that 'bread and work' is an old anarchistic slogan?"

"Don't you realize that your demand is unacceptable to the Municipal Council?"

I became angry and told the Committee members in a very undiplomatic way that I considered them doctrinaires blind to realities. The Bolsheviks were impressed, but the Mensheviks remained adamant.

Both groups were critical of the final paragraph of the petition the unemployed were planning to present to the Municipal Council. "If you refuse our demand, we shall return to our comrades and tell them so. Next, you will have to deal not with us but with all those who sent us here."

"What does this mean?" asked the leader of the Mensheviks. "Is it a threat?"

"Yes, a deliberate threat. My articles are full of threats. In this one," I tossed the clipping to him, "I have threatened that typhoid may develop in St. Petersburg as a result of hunger and destitution."

The Committee voted—ten to eight—a resolution instructing Eugene and me to change the final paragraph of the petition and to abstain from electing employed workers as factory delegates to our Council. We refused to comply with this resolution and challenged the Committee to take disciplinary measures against us.

After we had left the Committee, I realized that our clash with the party could create serious difficulties for the Council. Moreover, there was still the problem of printing the petition and leaflets. I decided to try my luck with *The Wave*, a daily newspaper slated to appear in a week or two and connected, I had heard, with the Bolshevist Center.

The receptionist stopped us at the entrance. After I gave her my name, a tall, slender man with the head of a Biblical prophet came to the reception room and took us to his study. When I told him about the meeting of the St. Petersburg Committee, he offered to take us to the "Old Man." We walked through a dozen rooms, passed several doors with receptionists' tables, and reached a small